

*Pist.* Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

*Ni.* I thanke thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O she did so course o're ray exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris Page; and thou this to Mistris Ford: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of Troy become, And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

*Ni.* I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly, Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, auant, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away ith' hooft: seeke shelter, packe: *Falstaffe* will learne the honor of the age, French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirtd *Page*.

*Pist.* Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore, Tetter ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke, Base *Phrygian* Turke.

*Ni.* I haue operations, Which be humors of reuenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou reuenge?

*Ni.* By Welkin, and her Star.

*Pist.* With wit, or Steele?

*Ni.* With both the humors, I:

I will discusse the humour of this Loue to Ford.

*Pist.* And I to *Page* shall eke vnfold

How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile)

His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

*Ni.* My humour shall not coole: I will incense Ford to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yellow-nesse, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of *Malecontents*: I second thee: troope on.

### Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

*Qu.* What, Iohn Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Casement, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

*Ru.* Ile goe watch.

*Qu.* Goe, and we'll haue a posser for's soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breeder-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuish that way: but no body but has his fault; but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

*Si.* I: for fault of a better.

*Qu.* And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

*Si.* I forsooth.

*Qu.* Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

*Si.* No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

*Qu.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Si.* I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

*Qu.* How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were) and strut in his gate?

*Si.* Yes indeede do's he.

*Qu.* Well, heauen send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

*Ru.* Out alas: here comes my Master.

*Qu.* We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Clofset: he will not stay long: what Iohn Rugby? Iohn: what Iohn I say? goe Iohn, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (and downe, downe, adowne a flye)

*Ca.* Vat is you ling? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Clofset, ynboyteene verdy: a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

*Qu.* I forsooth ile fetch it you:

I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

*Ca.* Fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ebando, le man voi a le Court la grand affaires.

*Qu.* Is it this Sir?

*Ca.* Ony mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly: Vere is dat knaue Rugby?

*Qu.* What Iohn Rugby, Iohn?

*Ru.* Here Sir.

*Ca.* You are Iohn Rugby, and you are Iacke Rugby: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

*Ru.* 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

*Ca.* By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-mie: que nyie cublie: dere is some Simples in my Clofset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

*Qu.* Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

*Ca.* O Diable, Diable: vat is in my Clofset? Villanie, La-roone: Rugby, my Rapier.

*Qu.* Good Master be content.

*Ca.* Wherefore shall I be content-a?

*Qu.* The yong man is an honest man.

*Ca.* What shall de honest man do in my Clofset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Clofset. I

*Qu.* I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson *Hugh*.

*Ca.* Vell.

*Si.* I forsooth: to desire her to—

*Qu.* Peace, I pray you.

*Ca.* Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

*Si.* To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

*Qu.* This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

*Ca.* Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? Rugby, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

*Qu.* I

*Qui.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

*Simp.* 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

*Qui.* Are you a-uis'd o' that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that I know *Anns* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

*Caius.* You, lack Nape: giue-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a shalenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy lack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make:—you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

*Qui.* Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I will kill de Iack-Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of de Iarteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe haue *Anne Page*.

*Qui.* Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well: We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

*Caius.* Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, Rugby.

*Qui.* You shall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Anns* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anns* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

*Fenton.* Who's with in there, hoa?

*Qui.* Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

*Fen.* How now (good woman) how dost thou?

*Qui.* The better that it pleases your good Worshop to aske?

*Fen.* What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

*Qui.* In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

*Fen.* Shall I doe any good thinkt thou? shall I not loose my suit?

*Qui.* Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worshop a wart aboue your eye?

*Fen.* Yes marry haue I, what of that?

*Qui.* Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nap*; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you—well—goe too—

*Fen.* Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seeft her before me, commend me.

*Qui.* Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worshop more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

*Fen.* Well, fare-v

*Qui.* Fare-well to Gentleman: but *Anns* minde as well as another forgot.

### Actus Secundus

Enter Mistris Page, Ford, Pistoll, Nim,

*Mist. Page.* What holly-day-time of my for them? let me see?

*Aske me no reason why son for his precisian, bee you are not yong, no more you are merry, so am I: you loue sacke, and so do I: Let it suffice thee (Mist. Soldier can suffice, that is not a Souldier-like p*

*By me, thine owne Or any kinde of light For thee to fight.*

What a Herod of Iuris One that is well-nye To show himselfe a y Behaviour hath this The Deuills name) ou In this manner assay n In my Company: wha Frugall of my mirth: Exhibit a Bill in the of men: how shall I will be? as sure as his *Mist. Ford.* Mistris house.

*Mist. Page.* And tru looke very ill.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, I to the contrary.

*Mist. Page.* Faith

*Mist. Ford.* Well: you to the contrary counsaile.

*Mist. Page.* What

*Mist. Ford.* O woman spee, I could come to

*Mist. Page.* Hang th what is it? dispence w

*Mist. Ford.* If I wou moment, or so: I coul

*Mist. Page.* What

*Mist. Ford.* Knights will hacke, a ticle of thy Gentry.

*Mist. Ford.* Wee b perceiue how I might worfe of fat men, as rence of mens liking